THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

"Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number "have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—com- "mencing DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

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To the Editor of the Weekly Inspector.

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SIR,

I am almost ashamed to trespass a third time upon your indulgence and the patience of your readers. That the sapient editor of the Register as yet discovers neither compunction nor shame; that he remains perfectly satisfied of being in quiet and undisputed possession of all the wit and the wisdom of this country; that he continues regularly to serve up to the public his monthly mess of plagiarism and dulness, are to me subjects rather of merriment than of mortification. But, sir, I understand that there is a little knot of dabblers in literature with whom this learned gentleman passes for a very prodigy of erudition. In this fond circle of admirers, while the little oracle 'sits attentive to his own applause,' or pours forth his rapid torrent of common-place literature and thread-bare anecdote, he still enjoys the courteous grin of adulation, and the vacant stare of gaping astonishment. Now, like a genuine Mar-Pedant, I cannot rest satisfied as long as this empty pretender to literary honours has a single friend or supporter remaining. Our race is of the true bull-dog temper: when once we have fastened our teeth, the hold is never loosened till our adversary is laid sprawling at our feet. So, once more to the charge. Nor can I grant quarter till every patron and admirer of the Monthly Register shall blush for his former folly, and, like Caliban in the play, wonder how he could "take this monster for a god, and worship this dull fool."

Some hundred years ago, Le Sage tells us, a grateful devil * took it into his head to amuse his benefactor, by removing or rendering transparent the roofs of all the houses in the good city of Madrid, and thus exposing to the view of his friend the odd scenes which were transacting below. Could I, by any art, magic or diabolic, acquire the good will of this merry devil, my first wish would be, to exhibit to the public gaze the interior of the study of our illustrious journalist. There might you see him with fifty volumes open before him, rapidly turning over the pages, now peeping into one book, then tumbling over another, here culling an idea, there selecting a metaphor—borrowing a quotation from one writer, and pilfering a sentence from a second—one moment transposing and disfiguring a passage of Johnson, and the next translating into prose a stanza of Beattie. Bless me, how industriously he is employed! See how actively he runs about, pen in hand, from book to book. But what large volume is that in the centre, to which he has such frequent recourse, and which, to judge from the blots and blurs and dogs-ears about it, seems to be in such constant use? Oh, I see—The Pursuits of Literature. Stop—what is he about now? He has finished his transcriptions, and seems to be in profound meditation. What can it be that so perplexes him? Oh, I understand—he is endeavouring to patch together the fragments he

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* *Asmodeo*, in *Le Diable Boiteux.*

has been pilfering, and is at present mightily puzzled to connect two pieces which obstinately refuse to coalesce. One is a note from the P. L. about Dr. Parr and Bishop Horsley, and the other part of Randolph's speech on the non-importation act: and no changing, or twisting, or turning, can force them to unite. Poor youth, how he labours!—At length, after wedging in between them *(mirabile dictu)* an *original* sentence of his own, he succeeds in dove-tailing them together with tolerable neatness. Now behold with what exultation he paces around his chamber—with what rapture he reads aloud his precious piece of compilation—how he lifts up his hands and eyes in admiration of his own wonderful genius!

But pray, sir, of what nature are these curious productions? Oh, sir, various.—The all-accomplished orator of whom the philosophy or the fancy of Cicero has drawn so beautiful a picture, was but a faint and imperfect sketch of this admirable critic and scholar. He writes on every subject, *de omni scibili*, criticism, history, poetry, and antiquities, theology, ethics, metaphysics, and politics, rebuses, acrostics, enigmas, and charades—nothing comes amiss. His head is a very nest of Chinese fire-works, squibs, crackers, and serpents, continually bursting forth into all "the flashes and out-breaks of a fiery imagination."

At present, however, all the powers of his ardent mind, I mean all that have not already evaporated in criticism, or boiled over in doggrel verse, are employed in the fabrication of a novel. A novel! indeed!!—Is it terrific or satiric, moral, sentimental, pathetic, or humorous? Has it any ghosts in it? Is it ——Patience, my dear madam, for a moment, and you shall know all about it. It is entitled "Men and Women," and, as the author has himself very kindly informed us, "portrays the human character as it really exists in the world, and developes the springs and movements of the human heart." The hero of it is a certain Edward, who—Stop, exclaims the enraged author, have I not already told you "that those very sagacious and profound critics who *presume* to decide upon its merits, merely from the perusal of the very small portion now before the public, are in wisdom at least equal to the pedant in Hierocles," (do'nt be alarmed at this learning, good reader, you may find it all in Johnson's preface to Shakspeare) "who, in order to convey to his friend a correct notion of the extent, the grandeur, and utility of a *magnificent* mansion, pulled a single brick out of his pocket as a specimen." Very pretty and modest, to be sure; but, my good friend, must I swallow the whole ox, before I may be allowed to complain that my beef is tough? Therefore, as I can never think of subjecting any of my friends to the horrible penance of reading through the whole tale, I shall e'en make bold to present them with a few choice samples of this delectable performance. To return, then. The hero of this tale is a certain Edward, who, it seems, is a younger son of a wealthy English country gentleman. A pretty long introductory chapter is employed in describing Edward's birth, and mode of training, and relating the history of a drowned woman, and a pye-woman's opinion of the day of judgment. Herein is also narrated in a very amusing manner how the hero's tutor scolded and beat him into a blockhead, and how his father coaxed and humoured him into a genius, how he destroyed a pair of globes, and was locked up in a library by way of punishment, and how he tore in pieces a fine picture; for which feat his wise father patted him on the cheek, and called him a good boy, as, forsooth, he "could not himself look upon the horrid expression of that assassin's countenance without shuddering." All these excellent matters are very agreeably interspersed with observations on education, reflections upon superstition, moral maxims, and gay remarks, together with a pleasing and comic digression on the quantity of gingerbread, tarts, plumb-cake, and barley-

sugar, devoured by the hero in the course of his juvenile studies. Thus passes away the time in "walking, and riding, and general literature, and visiting the neighbours," till Edward's sixteenth year, when, according to the immemorial custom of novel-writers, our author thinks fit to introduce his heroine. She is, of course, adorned with "dark, black, eloquent eyes, fringed with long silken lashes, and with an animated countenance, and a smile indicative of the most lofty contempt." But now, good reader—now for a stroke to elevate and suprise. The romantic lovers of our common novels are captivated in various ways; some are attracted by the soft fascination of their mistress's charms; others are won by some act of tender sensibility, such as the spreading bread and butter for a lame beggar, or the lending half a crown to a bankrupt chimney-sweeper; while others again, and this I believe is by far the more common mode, are fired by the lightning of their eyes. But Mr. Bristed is here perfectly original. Master Edward seats himself by the side of Miss Mary, and takes an opportunity to pay her some very pretty compliments, to which she answers, snappishly enough, "Pray, sir, do you take me for an idiot, that you treat me as such?" "This question," says our acute observer of men and manners, "completely cut Edward down." And then immediately "his heart throbbed with the most tumultuous emotions, his nerves thrilled with sensations unutterably extatic; he endeavoured to speak, but his faltering tongue refused to obey his efforts." Blush, ye scribblers, who load the shelves of our circulating libraries, blush with conscious inferiority; hide your diminished heads, ye heroes of the Minerva press. There's for you; there's a delicious picture of "the first pulsation of sentiment, the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp."

After this the story jogs on for some distance in the beaten track, with about the usual quantity of scintillations of delight, tendrills of affection, bounding hearts, and balmy kisses; while Mary studies the Latin grammar, and Edward sings sonnets of his own composition, "in accents softer than the odorous gales that blow from off the shores of Araby the blest" Thus matters go on swimmingly enough, till suddenly Edward takes a strange freak into his head—he reflects all at once that Mary is heiress to an immense fortune, while he is but an English younger brother. In consequence of this unexpected discovery, he solemnly assures her that "he would sooner mount the scaffold of death, and bathe the edge of the executioner's axe with the crimson currents of his life, than suffer himself to rest under the imputation of having married a woman of fortune while himself had none." Thus are we, when we least expected it, plunged over head and ears in distress.

Mary begins to mope and pine away; three physicians are called in, but in spite of all their prescriptions and consultations, she continues to decline. Physician's art was vain, as we read upon the tomb-stones in a country church yard; and after having dispatched a long and tender epistle to her *true lovyer*, her own proper hand and name being by her thereunto subscribed, the fair patient expires.

Spare your tears, my dear madam, 'tis only a *ruse de guerre*, a mere novellist's trick; some dozen chapters hence she will again pop upon us alive and well. In the mean time a certain Sir George Gawky visits our hero, and after various conversation, the following scene ensues, which, as it baffles all abridgment, and affords an admirable specimen of Mr. B.'s humorous and satiric powers, I shall e'en set down in his own words.

"Gawky. Well, then, Ned, if you be engaged, I be sorry for it, because I do not very well know what to do with myself the rest of the day; however, I'll sing you a song, as I learned on the very day as my vather died; but you must first tell I what your servant's name be? Edward. His name is Robert Trusty. Gaw-

ky. What, Robert with an *R*? Edward. Yes, Sir George, and Trusty with a *T*. Hereupon the baronet, without any invitation on Edward's part, struck up, and roared out,

" Altho' I be a handsome man, I be a gay
" deceiver."

These words were delivered in tones so barbarous and discordant, that a little terrier dog, which lay sleeping on Edward's hearth-rug, alarmed at the noise, awakened, flew at, and fastened upon the baronet behind. Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? Oh Lord! oh Lord! roared out Gawky in dire dismay; that there nasty dog will bite all the flesh off my bones, good now. Edward, with his finger and thumb applied to the dog's throat, instantly extricated Gawky, and putting the little animal out of the room, said—I am very sorry, Sir George, to see that my dog has no more manners than to attack his master's company so rudely; but I hope that he has not hurt you.

" At this the baronet went to the looking-glass, and carefully examined what injury he had received; at length, he said—that there dog has not bit I, to be sure; but, good now, he have torn my breeches and shirt uncommon, that's what he have. Edward. I am very glad that you are not really hurt; as for the rest, it is merely nothing. Gawky. Nothing! nothing, isn't it? I say nothing, too; why the dog have teared out a great piece of my breeches behind, besides tearing my shirt into the bargain; why the breeches, good now, be black satin, as I bought but last week on purpose to go into mourning for my vather; and as for my shirt, it is one of my very best ruffled lace shirts; and that, let me tell you, Master Ned, is no trifling loss. Edward. You may send for my tailor in —— street, and he shall make you another pair of black satin small clothes, at my cost; and you may take any one of my ruffled lace shirts that pleases you best.

" Here Edward rang the bell, and ordered his servant to send for his tailor to measure the baronet, and also to provide him with a shirt; he then said—Sir George, you will amuse yourself in my study, and excuse my leaving you, as I am engaged. He then left the baronet, who waited till the tailor and valet had furnished him with what he wanted; and then he departed, well pleased to think that, instead of losing, he had actually gained by the attack of the dog upon his rear; for, in addition to the apparel which he obtained at Edward's cost, he put his own shirt and small-clothes into his pocket, in order to have them mended for farther use."

After this Master Ned determines by way of soothing his grief, to take a solitary ramble through Scotland on foot. In the course of this excursion, he sees the ghost of Mary rise out of the ocean, who, as she passes him, kindly salutes him with a rap over the head, and then vanishes—the lover throws himself on the ground, and there writes a sonnet to Mary in heaven. He is next attacked by an amorous old lady, and narrowly escapes matrimony; which, however, he effects by swallowing a quantity of oatcake! He is taken up for a spy, and very properly released again as a lunatic, after having sympathized through four or five pages with an unfortunate man-midwife—I beg pardon—an unfortunate accoucheur, who, by the way, is also a *chevalier*—he proceeds on his journey. Here are introduced some very sublime descriptions of the rude scenery through which he passes, in the course of which occurs the following delectable passage. The admirable climax with which the sentence closes, will not pass unobserved by any reader of taste. " He came when the thickening shades of night began to darken the surface of the water, and to wrap creation round in her misty mantle of indistinctness—to Dunkeld ferry, which he crossed, and passed the night in the town of Dunkeld." There Mr. Edward makes some very ingenious observations on the mode of washing in Scotland, after which, by way of enabling him to reduce his speculations into practice, some stout Highlanders threaten to throw him into the river Garry. He is then terrified during the night——But I am weary of this. " I cannot drop my sword on wretched kernes." I would fain grapple with some nobler foe. Men and Women, does he call his detestable farrago?——by the head of Cervantes, as much like the men and women of real life, as the sprawling Cupids on the ceiling of our theatre, or the wooden gentry on the top of Mechanic Hall.

Yours,
MARTIN MAR-PEDANT.

TRIAL OF COL. BURR.

(*Continued from page* 311.)

Saturday, June 13th.

Mr. Burr mentioned that his counsel had understood that a supplemental charge had been written by the court, and put into the hands of the attorney of the U. S and was to be shown to his own counsel before it was delivered. They had not, however, yet been submitted to his counsel. The court requested a copy of his propositions, that they might judge of the propriety of their application, and if satisfied on that point, might give additional instructions to the jury. His counsel had complied with the request; and though the court could not at first determine whether a supplemental charge were necessary, yet it now appeared that each of the propositions would come before the grand jury. If the court were satisfied of the law, they would instruct the jury on such points as seemed inevitably to come before them. If they had doubts, they would order an argument. He would make no further remark relative to the consumption of time, than merely to observe, that three weeks since he was ready to argue these points. He was willing to limit the time to be employed on the present argument, to a certain number of minutes, or to argue the cause by the way of notes submitted to the court.

Chief justice stated that he had drawn up a supplemental charge, which he had submitted to the attorney of the U. S. with a request that it should also be put into the hands of Col. B.'s counsel; Mr. Hay had informed him that he had been too much occupied to inspect the charge with attention, to deliver it to the opposite counsel; that there was one point in his charge which he did not fully approve. He should not, therefore, deliver his charge until Monday. In the mean time, Col. B.'s counsel would have an opportunity of inspecting it; and argument might be held on the points which had produced an objection from the attorney of the U. S.

Some debate then took place respecting the propriety of carrying on the charge orally, or by writing.

Mr. Wickham hoped that the supplemental charge might be given to the jury before the witnesses were sent up.

Chief justice observed that the court would also have wished that the charge should have been delivered before the witnesses were sent up; but that it was almost indifferent to him whether the testimony was submitted to the grand jury before or after the delivery of the charge; that it was often the custom for the petit jury to hear the testimony before the law was expounded, and the same practice might extend to the grand jury; for it was easy for them, after they had heard the testimony, to apply the instructions of the court, and distinguish those parts which were admissible from those which were not so. It was not, for instance, absolutely necessary for them to know, previous to the delivery of the charge, that two witnesses were necessary to prove the overt act, even before a grand jury. When the charge had been delivered, that principle would apply to the testimony which they had actually heard: and though it was desirable that the charge should precede the testimony, yet it was not so essential as to interrupt the proceedings.

Mr. Randolph conceived it far more important to give the supplemental charge before than after the exhibition of the testimony; that with one set of principles on their mind, the grand jury would frequently ask questions in one point of view, which they would not under other impressions; and that the supplemental, like the original charge, ough. to precede the evidence.

Mr. Martin observed that there was this considerable difference between a grand and petit jury, that when any doubt arose about the propriety of testimony before the petit jury, the court

would be present, and ready to decide; but the grand jury had not the same aid of the judgment of the court, in selecting the testimony.

The chief justice said that the necessity of giving a supplemental charge at this time was not so manifest, as in his original charge he had expressed his ideas on the nature of treason: That he had stated this crime to consist in an actual "levying of war," and that of course the grand jury would have to inquire into the existence of overt acts: that from this statement, it would readily occur to the jury that no matter what suspicions were entertained, what plans had been formed, what enterprises had been projected, there could be no treason without an overt act.

The discussion of the question being waved, the chief justice gave the following opinion on the motion to issue a subpœna duces tecum, directed to the President of the United States.

The object of the motion now to be decided, is to obtain copies of certain orders understood to have been issued to the land or naval officers of the U. States, for the apprehension of the accused; and an original letter from Gen. Wilkinson to the President, in relation to the accused, with the answer of the President to that letter; which papers are supposed to be material to the defence. As the legal mode of effecting this object, a motion is made for a subpœna duces tecum, to be directed to the President of the United States.

In objection to this motion a preliminary point has been made by the counsel for the prosecution. It has been insisted by them, that, until the grand jury shall have found a true bill, the party accused is not entitled to a subpœna, or to the aid of the court, to obtain his testimony.

It will not be said that this opinion is now for the first time advanced in the United States; but certainly it is now for the first time advanced in Virginia. So far back as any knowledge of our jurisprudence is possessed, the uniform practice of this country has been, to permit every individual who was charged with any crime, to prepare for his defence, and to obtain the process of the court, for the purpose of enabling him so to do. This practice is convenient, and is as consonant to justice as it is to humanity. It prevents in a great measure those delays, which are never desirable, which frequently occasion the loss of testimony, and which are often oppressive, that would be the inevitable consequence of withholding from a prisoner the power of the court, until the indictment was found against him by a grand jury. The right of an accused person to the process of the court, to compel the attendance of witnesses, seems to follow necessarily, from the right to examine those witnesses; and whenever the right exists, it would be reasonable that it should be accompanied with the means of rendering it effectual. It is not doubted, that a person who appears before a court, under a recognizance, must expect that a bill will be prepared against him, or that a question concerning the continuance of the recognizance, will be brought before the court. In the first event, he has a right, and it is perhaps his duty to prepare for his defence at the trial. In the second event, it will not be denied that he possesses the right to examine witnesses on the question of continuing his recognizance. In either case it should seem reasonable that he should be entitled to the process of the court to procure the attendance of witnesses.

The genius and character of our laws and usages are friendly, not to a condemnation at all events, but to a fair and impartial trial; and they consequently allow to the accused the right of preparing the means to secure such a trial. The objection that the attorney may refuse to proceed at this time, and that no day is fixed for the trial, if he should proceed, presents no real difficulty. It would be a very insufficient excuse to a prisoner who had failed to prepare for his trial, to say that he was not certain the attorney would proceed against him. Had

the indictment been found the last term, it would have been in some measure uncertain whether there would have been a trial at this, and still more uncertain on what day that trial would take place. Yet subpœnas would have issued returnable to the first day of the term; and if, after its commencement, other subpœnas had been required, they would have issued, returnable as the court might direct. In fact, all process to which the law has fixed no certain return day, is made returnable at the discretion of the court.

General principles, then, and general practice, are in favour of the right of every accused person, so soon as his case is in court, to prepare for his defence, and to receive the aid of the process of the court, to compel the attendance of his witnesses.

The constitution and laws of the U. S. will now be so considered, for the purpose of ascertaining how they bear upon the question.

The 8th amendment of the constitution gives to the accused, in all criminal prosecutions, a right to a speedy and public trial, and to compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favour. The right given by this article must be deemed sacred by the court, and the article should be so constructed as to be something more than a dead letter. What can more effectually elude the right to a speedy trial, than the declaration that the accused shall be disabled from preparing for it, until an indictment shall be found against him? It is certainly much more in the true spirit of the provision which secures to the accused a speedy trial, that he should have the benefit of the provision which entitles him to compulsory process, as soon as he comes into court.

This observation derives additional force from a consideration of the manner in which this subject has been contemplated by Congress. It is obvious, by the intention of the national legislature, that in all capital cases the accused shall be entitled to process before the indictment is found. The words of the law are, "and every such person or persons accused or indicted of the crime aforesaid, (that is, of treason, or any other capital offence) shall be allowed or admitted in his said defence to make any proof that he or they can produce, by lawful witness or witnesses, and shall have the like process of the court, when he or they shall be tried, to compel his or their witnesses to appear at his or their trial, as is usually granted to compel witnesses to appear on the prosecution against them."

This provision is made for persons accused or indicted. From the imperfection of human language, it frequently happens that sentences which ought to be the most explicit, are of doubtful construction, and in this case the words "accused *or* indicted," may be construed to be synonimous, to describe a person in the same situation, or to apply to different stages of the prosecution. The word *or* may be taken in a conjunctive or a disjunctive sense. A reason for understanding it in the latter sense, is furnished by the section itself. It commences with declaring, that any person who shall be accused *and* indicted of treason, shall have a copy of the indictment at least three days before his trial. This right is obviously to be enjoyed after an indictment, and therefore the words "accused *and* indicted." So with respect to the subsequent clause, which authorizes a party to make his defence, and directs the court, on his application, to assign him counsel. The words relate to any person accused *and* indicted. But when the section proceeds to authorize the compulsory process for witnesses, the phraseology is changed. The words are, "and every such person or persons accused *or* indicted," &c. thereby adapting the expression to the situation of an accused person, both before and after indictment. It is to be remarked, too, that the person so accused *or* indicted is to have "the like process to compel his or their witnesses to appear at his or their trial, as is usually granted to compel witnesses to appear on the

prosecution against them." The fair construction of this clause would seem to be that with respect to the means of compelling the attendance of witnesses to be furnished by the court, the prosecution and defence are placed by law on equal ground. The right of the prosecutor to take out subpœnas, or to avail himself of the aid of the court in any stage of the proceedings previous to the indictment, is not controverted. This act of Congress, it is true, applies only to capital cases; but persons charged with offences not capital, have a constitutional and a legal right to examine their testimony, and this act ought to be considered as declaratory of common law, in cases where this constitutional right exists.

Upon immemorial usage, then, and upon what is deemed a sound construction of the constitution and law of the land, the court is of opinion that any person charged with a crime in the courts of the United States, has a right, before as well as after the indictment, to the process of the court, to compel the attendance of his witnesses. Much delay and much inconvenience may be avoided by this construction; no mischief which is perbeived, can be produced by it. The process would only issue, when according to the ordinary course of proceeding, the indictment would be tried at the term to which the subpœna is returnable; so that it becomes incumbent on the accused to be ready for his trial at that term.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS.

——Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia.——

Among the greatest curiosities of modern literature may be reckoned the forgeries of William Henry Ireland, an Englishman, who at a very early age fabricated a number of singular productions, which he had the address to palm on the public as original manuscripts of Shakspeare.

Many celebrated literati were rendered very ridiculous by giving credence to this adroit impostor, if we may believe his "Confessions." Having fabricated what he called "WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S PROFESSION OF FAITH," the manuscript was submitted to Drs. P–rr and Wh–rt–n, and the following account is given of their ridiculous credulity.

"*Perusal of the Profession of Faith.*

"While Mr. Ireland read aloud the profession of faith, Drs. P*rr and Wh*rt*n remained silent, paying infinite attention to every syllable that was pronounced; while I continued immoveable, awaiting to hear their dreaded opinion. This effusion being ended, one of the above gentlemen (who, as far as my recollection can recal the circumstance, I believe to have been Dr. P*rr) thus addressed himself to Mr. Ireland:

"*Sir, we have very fine passages in our church service, and our litany abounds with beauties; but here, sir, here is a man who has distanced us all!*"

"When I heard these words pronounced, I could scarcely credit my own senses; and such was the effect they produced upon me, that I knew not whether to smile or not. I was, however, very forcibly struck with the encomium; and shortly after left the study, ruminating on the praise which had been unconsciously lavished, by a person so avowedly erudite, on the unstudied production of one so green in years as myself."

Mr. James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, is made to appear in a no less ludicrous point of view.

"*Mr. James Boswell.*

"As the circumstances attending Mr. James Boswell's inspection of the manuscripts have been variously represented, and I was present on that occasion, I shall state the facts as they really occurred.

"On the arrival of Mr. Boswell, the papers were as usual placed before him: when he commenced his examination of them; and being satisfied as to their antiquity, as far as external appearance would attest, he proceeded to examine the style of the language from the fair transcripts made from the disguised hand-writing. In this research Mr. Boswell continued for a considerable time, constantly speaking in favour of the internal as well as external proofs of the validity of the manuscripts. At length, finding himself rather thirsty, he requested a tumbler of warm brandy and water; which having nearly finished, he then redoubled his praises of the manuscripts; and at length, arising from his chair, he made use of the following expression: "Well, I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day." Mr. Boswell then kneeling down before the volume containing a portion of the papers, continued, "I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard: and thanks to God that I have lived to see them!" Having kissed the volume with every token of reverence, Mr. Boswell shortly after quitted Mr. Ireland's house: and although I believe he revisited the papers on some future occasions, yet that was the only time I was honoured with a sight of Mr. James Boswell."

From the Norfolk Herald.

In our paper of Saturday, we gave an account of the British ships of war having removed from Lynhaven Bay to Hampton Roads.—Immediately on their anchoring they fired at, and brought to, a pilot-boat from Hampton to this place, on board of which they *forced* the following GRAMMATICAL, MILD, and PACIFIC letter, addressed to the Mayor of Norfolk:

His Majesty's ship Bellona,
Hampton Roads, July 3, 1807.

SIR,

I beg leave to represent to you, that having observed in the newspapers a resolution made by a Committee on the 29th ult. prohibiting any communication between his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Norfolk and his ships lying at anchor in Lynhaven Bay; and this being a measure extremely hostile, not only in depriving the British consul from discharging the duties of his office, but at the same time preventing me from obtaining the information SO absolutely necessary for his Majesty's service; I am therefore determined, if this infringement is not *immediately annulled*, to prohibit every vessel bound either in or out of Norfolk, to proceed to their destination, until I know the pleasure of my government, or the commander in chief on this station. You must be perfectly aware that the British flag never has or never will be insulted with impunity.—You must also be aware that it has been, and is still in my power to obstruct the whole trade of the Chesapeake, since the late circumstance, which I desisted from, trusting that general unanimity would be restored.—Respecting the circumstances of the deserters lately apprehended from the United States frigate Chesapeake, in my opinion, must be decided between the two governments *alone*. It therefore rests with the inhabitants of Norfolk either to engage in a war, or remain in terms of peace. Agreeable to my intentions, I have proceeded to Hampton Roads with the squadron under my command, to await your answer, which I trust you will favour me with without delay.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) J. E. DOUGLAS.

I enclose you two letters to the British Consul at Norfolk, which you will be pleased to forward him.

J. E. D.

To RICHARD E. LEE, Esq.
Mayor of Norfolk, Virginia.

Upon the receipt of the above letter, the Mayor immediately convened the Recorder and Aldermen, and after mature deliberation, the following an-

swer was agreed on, which was sent by a special messenger, on Sunday morning, to Commodore *Douglas*, to wit:

NORFOLK, *July* 4, 1807.

SIR,

I have received your menacing letter of yesterday this moment. The day on which this answer is written, ought of itself suffice, to prove to the subjects of your sovereign, that the American people are not to be intimidated by menace, or induced to adopt any measures, except by a sense of their perfect propriety.—Seduced by the false show of sincerity, they may be sometimes surprised, and slaughtered while unprepared to resist a supposed friend.—That delusive security, however, is now passed for ever. The late occurrence has taught us to confide our safety no longer to any thing but to our own force.—We do not seek hostility, nor shall we avoid it. We are prepared for the worst which you may attempt, and will do whatever shall be proper to repel force, whensoever your efforts shall render any act of our's necessary.—Thus much for the threats of your letter, which can be considered in no other light than as addressed to the supposed fears of our citizens.

In answer to that part of it which is particularly addressed to me, as the first judicial officer of this borough, I have but to say, that you must be aware that the judiciary of no country possesses any other powers than those conferred upon them by the laws.

The same channels through which you have derived the intelligence stated by yourself, must also have announced to you, that the act of which you complain, is an act of individuals, and not of the government. If this act be very wrong and illegal, the judiciary of this country, whenever the case is properly brought before it, will take care to do its duty. At present they have no judicial information of any outrage on their laws, and therefore cannot act.

If you, sir, please to consider this act of individuals as a measure "extremely hostile," and shall commence hostility, without waiting the decision of the two governments, (although you yourself acknowledge that it properly belongs to them alone to decide) the inhabitants of Norfolk will conform to your example, and protect themselves against any lawless aggression which may be made upon their persons or property.—They therefore leave it with you, "either to engage in a war, or to remain in terms of peace," until the pleasure of our respective governments shall be known.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

RICHARD EVERS LEE,

Mayor of the Borough of Norfolk.

To Commodore J. E. DOUGLAS, *commanding his Britannic Majesty's ship the Bellona, now lying in Hampton Roads.*

From the Norfolk Public Ledger, July 8.

Our last noticed the correspondence between *Captain Douglas* and the *Mayor of our Borough*. We now are enabled to present our readers with the following report made to the Mayor, together with the second letter of Captain Douglas.

NORFOLK. July 5th, 1807.

SIR,

In pursuance of your request, I this day went down to the British squadron, lying in Hamptom roads, for the purpose of delivering the letter with which I was charged to Capt. Douglas; on arriving alongside his ship, the Bellona, I was invited on board, received by Capt. Douglas himself at the gang way, and conducted to his cabin, where I found assembled all the Captains of the squadron. I immediately informed him that you had yesterday received a letter from him, the answer to which I had been requested to deliver, and placed it in his hands. He read the letter very attentively, and then handed it to Capt. Hardy, from whom it passed to the other Captains in succession. When they had all purused it, Capt. Douglas observed to me, "I presume, sir, you are acquainted with the contents of this letter?" I told him I was perfectly so. He

then stated that his letter must have been misapprehended, that it contained no expression of menace which he recollected, and that it certainly was not his intention to use language which could be constructed to convey such ideas: he referred to Capt. Hardy, saying, that he had shown him the letter previously to its being sent, and had requested his opinion as to its sentiments. Capt. Hardy concurred with Capt. Douglas in the opinion and objects of the communication. I then remarked to them the particular expressions in the letter, which I considered as the language of threat, and adverted to the circumstance of the words, "immediately annulled," being underscored. He said that this underscoring must have been done by his clerk, without his direction, and had escaped his observation: but again assured me, upon his honour, that if any expression in the letter wore the appearance of a threat, it was not intended to be so understood.

Capt. Douglas next adverted to the conclusion of the letter, in which the alternative of peace or war is left to himself—He said upon this subject, that he had no orders to commit any act of hostility, and that there was no man from whose intention or wishes such an object was more remote. That he was anxious to preserve the relations of amity, which had existed between the two governments, and that no act of his should tend to interrupt their harmony, unless he was ordered by his superiors to perform such acts, in which case as an officer, he must do his duty. He repeated, however, that he had no such orders, nor did he expect to receive such. He stated that he had it in charge generally, to guard his flag, and those under its protection from insult or assault of any kind, and that this in all situations he must unquestionably do. But that any further measure he was not at present authorized, nor was it his intention to take. I here stated to him the many insulting menaces, which had been communicated in Norfolk, as coming from him. He positively denied ever having uttered any such—declared if they had been used by any of his officers, that they were unauthorized, and disapproved of by him, remarking at the same time, that he hoped all who knew him, would do him the justice to believe, that he was not in the habit of using the language of threat—He here too again referred to all the officers to say if they had ever heard him at any time even while speaking confidentially to them, utter such expressions, and they united in declaring that they had not.

A desultory conversation then took place between Capt. Douglas, the other Captains, and myself, which continued nearly an hour, in the course of which many remarks were made, which had no reference to the subject of your letter, or were in any way connected with it: these, sir, I have already communicated to yourself, and to all my fellow citizens, with whom I have conversed upon this subject; but as they are connected with the subject of your letter, I presume it would be unnecessary again to detail them here. In the course of this conversation, I described to them as well as I was able, the sentiments which universally prevailed through the country at this time, the cause from whence it proceeded, and the effects it would produce, provided any effort on their part should be made to oppose the public resolves, as to intercourse or supplies. I explicitly declared that we had as yet received no authority from our government to proceed to acts of aggression, but that we were authorized, and were prepared for defence, and for the protection of ourselves and our property; to prove which I placed in the hands of Capt. Douglas, an extract from the letter of Governor Cabell, to brigadier General Mathews, which I had made for that purpose. I concluded by warning him again not to send any of his officers or people on shore, for that if he did, the arm of the civil authority, I did not believe, would be able to protect them from the vengeance of an enraged people; that this might lead to consequences which might possibly be yet averted, and if he was sincere in the sentiments he had expressed, he would be anxious to prevent such results. Capt. Douglas, and all the Captains declared, that they were aware of the present state of the public feelings, and deplored the circumstance which had excited it; that they did not intend to expose any of their people to the resentment of ours, which they could conceive was highly inflamed; that as to supplies they did not want any at present, but when they did, should not attempt to procure them in any way which would excite the opposition of the citizens of this country.

Upon the subject of intercourse, he did not expect to hold any with the people of this country, nor was there any occasion for it. He only wished to be permitted freely to communicate with the accredited officers of his government here, who had been formally received and recognized by our executive, and whose functions he presumed none but the government had a right to put down. As to the particular manner in which this communication might be carried on, it was a matter quite indifferent to him. He had no objection to that being regulated by ourselves, in any

way which it was judged proper, and that he would certainly pursue the mode which might be suggested as most agreeable to us, provided the channel of communication was kept free and open.—To this I stated, that I had no authority from any person to enter into any engagement with him, but that the letters he had forwarded under cover to you had been safely delivered, and that therefore, I presumed any other dispatches of a like kind, would be treated in the same way—But upon this subject, I could only refer him to you and your associates for information.—He then stated that he would to day, write an answer to your letter, which he should forward as before, and I left his ship; Capt. Douglas again repeating the substance of what I have already stated.

From the moment I approached the Bellona to that on which I left her, my treatment from Capt. Douglas and all the officers, was marked by as much attention, politeness, and respect, as any gentleman ever received from others. My particular friend, Mr. James Taylor, jun. accompanied me on board the British ship, for reasons that will at once suggest themselves to you, when you remember the delicate and embarrassing situation in which I might be placed. He remained on board the whole time with me, and was a witness to every thing which passed. I have read to him this communication, Sir, in order to ascertain if my recollection was correct, and he accords with me in every statement here made.

I have forwarded a copy of this letter to the Governor of Virginia, and to the Federal Executive, believing that at this time it is the duty of every citizen to keep his government well informed of every thing which may be useful.

I am Respectfully, Sir,
Your Most Obedient Servant,
L. W. TAZEWELL.

To RICHARD E. LEE, Esq. Mayor
of the Borough of Norfolk.

—

His Majesty's Ship Bellona, Hampton Roads, July 6th, 1807.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst. in answer to mine of the preceding day, requesting that the British Consul might be restored to his powers.

As every circumstance relative to the above communication was so fully discussed in presence of the gentlemen deputed by the magistracy of Norfolk, as bearers of your dispatch, I have only in addition to remark, that as far as I am individually concerned, every exertion shall be used that can (consistent with the honour and dignity of the British flag) tend to an amicable termination

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your Obedient Humble Ser't,
J. E. DOUGLAS.

RICHARD E. LEE, Esq. Mayor of the Borough of Norfolk, Virginia.

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The next day after Mr. Tazewell's communication, appeared some hot head in the public prints insinuated that he had acted under the influence of "foreign attachments, affected moderation and real fear," because he had received and returned a courtesy of behaviour. Mr. Tazewell gave the following answer in the Norfolk Ledger:

I have read in the Herald of yesterday, a publication of some anonymous scribbler, who signs himself "The People:" If the infamous insinuations therin, so ambiguously expressed, are designed to apply to me, I proclaim the writer of that publication (whoever he may be) a vile CALUMNIATOR, and a SCOUNDREL.

I went on board the British squadron by the order of the magistrates of this Borough, for the purpose of bearing a letter from the Mayor to the Britsh Commander: while there I held a conversation with him, the substance of which I communicated in writing immediately upon my return, to the President of the U. States, the Governor of this state, and to the Mayor of this corporation, adding such observations as I deemed pertinent or useful; nothing occurred while I was on board which could wound the feelings of any American; on the contrary, during this whole period, I received from the British Commander, and from all his officers, as much politeness as any gentleman could expect, which I endeavoured to reciprocate, by conducting myself with that proper civility, which every man who calls himself a gentleman, ought on all occasions to observe.

If obedience to the orders of the officers of the laws, fidelity in the execution of their wishes, and decency of deportment, constitute an offence, I am guilty. But in these there is no impropriety of conduct. I again proclaim as a slanderer, and a villain, him who has used this cowardly effort to traduce me, for doing thus much, and thus much only.

L. W. TAZEWELL.

July 8th, 1807.

From what has appeared in the preceding columns, we flatter ourselves that our differences with Great-Britain will, for the present, be compromised without the further effusion of blood. But, although the cloud which menaced us seems reduced to "a speck," we shall act a very stupid part if we refuse to take warning from its appearance, and neglect to adopt such measures as may enable us to meet and buffet the tempest which is laying waste the old world, and at times lours heavily on the new. If, however, the alarm which has been excited should subside, and our countrymen should sink into their former state of apathy, and our government should persevere in their crazy system of relying on gun-boats, non-importation acts, and pacific proclamations, for security against a world in arms, we shall sooner or later writhe beneath the "iron scourge of war," and be taught by the "torturing hour" of adversity that we can derive no defence from imbecility—that we can never, by fawning like the spaniel, be able to escape the paw of the tiger.

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We have frequently heard the efficacy of land batteries as opposed to ships of war, called in question. Many instances may, however, be adduced, which prove the contrary, and we beg leave to advert to a memorable event connected with our own history, which exhibits a specimen of what may be effected by land batteries against a naval armament.

In Marshall's Life of Washington we have the following account of an attack of the British fleet on fort Moultrie, Charleston, South-Carolina.

"Every preparation having at length been made, the fleet consisted of the Bristol and Experiment, two fifty gun ships; the Active, Solebay, Acteon, and Syren, of twenty-eight guns each; the Sphynx of twenty guns, an armed ship of twenty-two guns, and the Thunder bomb-ketch, weighed anchor and sailed for the stations assigned them. The Thunder bomb covered by the armed ships took her station, and about half past ten, began the attack by throwing shells at the fort, as the fleet advanced. About a quarter past eleven o'clock, the Bristol, Active, Experiment, and Solebay, brought up directly against the fort, and commenced upon it a most furious cannonade. The Sphynx, Acteon, and Syren, had been ordered to the westward to take their station between the end of the island and Charleston, partly to enfilade the works of the fort, partly to cut off, if possible, the communication between the island and the continent, and partly to prevent any attempt which might be made by fire ships, or otherwise to interrupt the grand attack. These vessels were, by the unskilfulness of the pilot, entangled in the shoals called the middle grounds, where they stuck fast until it was too late to execute the intended service. The Acteon being unable to get off, was cuttled and burnt next morning by the officers and crew, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Americans.

"The cannonade from the ships was incessant and heavy, but was not attended with the expected effect on the fort. This was attributable to its form and the materials with which it was built. It was very low, with merlons of great thickness, and was constructed of earth, and a species of soft wood common in that country, called Pimento, which, on being struck by a ball, does not splinter, but closes upon it. The beds of the mortars in the bomb-ketch, were loosened by being overcharged, and they soon became entirely useless.

"The fire from the fort was slow, was directed with great skill, and did vast execution. The springs of the Bristol's cable being cut by the shot, she was for a short space of time unmanageable, and was so raked by the fort, that at one time the commodore is said to have remained alone on the deck. The Experiment was also roughly handled, and her captain very dangerously wounded.

"In the course of the action all the powder in the fort was at one time expended, and for a short interval the guns were silent. Great hopes were then entertained of success, but these hopes were soon blasted by a fresh supply of powder, and a consequent recommencement of the same terrible fire, under which the British ships had already so greatly suffered. The garrison united the cool determined courage

of veterans, to the enthusiastic valour of youth. Gen. Lee crossed over to them in a boat, during the action, to determine whether he should not endeavour to withdraw them, and was enraptured with the ardour they displayed. They assured him they would only lose the fort with their lives, and the mortally wounded breathed their last, exhorting their fellow soldiers to the most heroic defence of the place.

"Although the British troops had been landed on Long island, for the purpose of attacking the fort on the land side, no attempt was made to execute this part of the plan. Why it was not made, or whether, if made, it would have been successful, cannot be ascertained. General Clinton asserted that the water between the islands, which he had understood to be only eighteen inches deep, was in reality seven feet, and consequently impassible. This effect is said to have been produced by a long series of eastern winds."

"The engagement continued until the darkness of the night compelled a suspension of it. The ships were by that time evidently in such a condition, as to be unfit to renew the action the next day. The Bristol had lost one hundred and eleven men, and the Experiment seventy-nine. Capt. Scott of the one lost his arm, and Capt. Morris of the other was mortally wounded. Lord Campbell, late Governor of the province, who served as a volunteer on board one of these vessels, was also mortally wounded; and both ships were so shattered as to inspire the hope that they would be unable to repass the bar. About 9 o'clock, they slipped their cables and moved off. A few days afterwards, the troops were re-embarked, and all further designs against the southern colonies were for the present, relinquished. The squadron sailed for New-York, in pursuance of orders which had been given by sir William Howe while in Halifax; but which had not been received by sir Henry Clinton, until he had anchored off the bar of Charleston."

"The attack on fort Moultrie was supported by the British seamen with their accustomed bravery, and the slaughter on board the ships was uncommonly great. The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was only thirty-five men."

Convalescence of the Citizen.—The no less accurate than astute, no less penetrating than profound, politician who has the honour to manage one of the principal papers of the predominant party, and who has for a long time past been afflicted with a singular species of insanity, has of late discovered some glimmerings of rationality, and uttered some tolerably sensible sentences on the subject of national defence. Indeed, one is half inclined to think that he is mad but "north-north-west," and when the "wind is southerly, knows a hawk from a handsaw." We would not, however, have the temerity to assert that any thing like a radical cure has been effected, till we see what may be the operation of the next full moon, as that planet is known to exercise a powerful & malignant influence over a certain class of insane persons, which, from that circumstance, are commonly called lunatics.

This maniac has formerly been so ravingly mad as to propose to supply by civility of *democratic* manners, the want of efficient national defence, and declared that any attempt to fortify or arm, or in any way prepare for possible cases of hostility, was an abominable, federal, aristocratic, electioneering manoeuvre, and calculated to destroy the liberties of our sovereign masters, the people.

On the 6th instant, however, to the great astonishment of all who knew the patient, and had witnessed his former ranting, *and* raving, *and* roaring about peace, the friendship of nations, and the wonderful civility of manners ever manifested by himself and party, which, it seems, like the spirit of chivalry, was expected to prove the "cheap defence of nations," the man, in a lucid interval, talked about the necessity of the United States being in possession "of prepared means, those which might be called into immediate and efficient action," declared that we wanted and must have an efficint armed force of some kind, and that if the government will not provide one for us, we had best by voluntary contributions furnish ourselves to that effect, and uttered the following sentiment, which, although a mere common place truism, would have been deemed little short of high treason in the mouth of a federalist, and would have ensured abundant abuse from this man and

his fellow maniacs throughout the United States.

"A government which will not protect its citizens, is unworthy of their confidence."

Euge! my brave Citizen! continue in this mood, and thou shalt escape confinement, water-gruel, the shorn Jobbernowl, and the straight waistcoat, which one Doctor Randolph prescribed for poor unfortunates of thy description.

But if thou really art not a man beside thyself, wilt please to inform one how a nation can be in possession of "*prepared means of defence*," without taking time for preparation. Will these "prepared means," like mushrooms, or like the gourd of Jonah, spring from the earth, and grow to perfection in one night? Dost think, man, that a few keels of seventy-fours, laid by Federalists, will vegetate into a navy, formidable and well appointed? Canst thou, like conjuror Cadmus, raise a troop of veteran soldiers from serpent's teeth, or wilt thou, O most noble and warlike Captain, realize the boast of Pompey, who declared that by the stamp of his foot he could call embattled legions of veteran soldiers to the field of glory?

Euge, brave citizen captain Cheetham! who to the courage of Cæsar, unitest the sagacity of Solon, and the disinterestedness of Diogenes; canst crack the satyric thong with Swift, and cast mud with the Scotch Hudibras; like the Earl of Warwick pull down the puppets which thou didst put into power. Yes, having written them *up*, "*write them down*," and remember that among the most serious accusations which can be alledged against them may be numbered, their having been guided by *your counsels* in refusing to prepare means of national defence, and by their malconduct in *that particular*, have, according to your own account, forfeited the confidence of the people.

The following delicate, sentimental and pathetic VALEDICTORY ADDRESS was spoken at the Boston theatre, by Miss Fox, a child of only five years old, on her Benefit night. It is from the pen of R. T. Paine, Jun. Esquire.

Farewell, a long farewell! dear patrons, friends!
This parting scene my infant bosom rends,
For spite of all my joy to see you here,
My heart will throb, and gush the frequent tear.
In you my foster parents I behold;
Your kindness bade my tender mind unfold;
Warm'd by your smiles, you saw me sportive run,
A little insect, fluttering in the sun;
Urchin I am, but me you've always lov'd,
My faults you pardon'd, and my tricks approv'd;
My heart will break to be remov'd from you.
And oh! my mother, she has lov'd you too.
Full well you know the faults of childish years;
The bud must blossom, ere the fruit appears,
And oft by smiling you have seem'd to say,
I'd grow a woman on a future day.
And then some beau gallant my face might charm,
"Heav'n save the mark," these eyes may do some harm:
Oh! how I've long'd that I might older grow,
To join this mimic world of joy and woe:
And teach some future scene, with graceful ease,
To charm like Stanley, or like Powell please;
But oh! these fairy prospects now are o'er,
Farewell! perhaps we part to meet no more;
Pardon a child, forgive her artless tears,
She leaves the friends she loves, esteems, reveres;
Whate'er in life may be my varied lot,
Boston, dear Boston, ne'er shall be forgot;
Nor time shall bar, nor distance interfere,
My heart shall still return to visit here;
And if success attend my riper days,
How proud I'll be to have deserv'd your praise!
Farewell!—a sad farewell!—Sires, Guardians Friends!
May Heaven, whose bounty all our blessings sends,
Pluck from *life's path* the *thorn* that would molest,
And smooth *death's pillow*, as you sink to rest!
And then receive you, borne on white wing'd hours,
Thro' opening clouds, to joy's eternal bowers!

The fame of Chatterton has been made to depend too much on his excellence as an imitator, and there are few persons not very conversant with his works, who, while they bestow upon him all the praises of most uncommon ingenuity, do not imagine him to be undeserving of the reputation of beautiful and original poetry. This general opinion is in a great measure owing to the very circumstance on which his fame is made to depend, to that talent for imitation which induced him to veil all his sentiments in the garb of antiquity. His genius would be fairly estimated, and be ranked much higher, if his language were reduced to the modern standard. This would be a less difficult task than appears from the uncouth orthography of his poems; and perhaps there is no stronger proof of the imposture than arises from this very facility. Chaucer requires translation as much as Homer, Virgil, or Dante, to make him familiar to a modern ear: the most poetical parts of Chatterton, on the contrary, with little other altering than that of new spelling, and sometimes the substitution of words, (but never of phrases) become at once as polished verses as most of the present day. These observations have induced me to offer as a specimen the Song of the Minstrels of Aella, on which I have bestowed no other labour than what I have just stated to be necessary. What remains of its antique dress is only enough to mark its character, and give it an agreeable peculiarity.

FIRST MINSTREL.

The budding flow'ret blushes at the light,
The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daised mantle is the mountain dight,
The tender cowslip bendeth with the dew;
Through leafy trees, whose green tops touch the skies,
Wak'd by the gentle wind, soft whispering sounds arise.

The evening comes, and brings the dew along;
The western sky with golden radiance shines;
Sweet minstrels tune the cheerful village song;
Young ivy round the cottage door-post twines:
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will,
Though all is fair around, there wanteth something still.

SECOND MINSTREL.

So our first father thought in paradise,
Where heaven and earth did homage to his mind:
In woman man's supremest pleasure lies,
Man's first and best delight is womankind.
Go—take a wife unto thy arms, and see
Winter and russet hills have charms for thee.

THIRD MINSTREL.

When Autumn bare and sun-burnt doth appear,
With golden hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfil the year,
And bears upon his back the ripen'd sheaf;
With forest-seed, when all the hills are white,
And through the blazing sky oft gleams the northern light.

When the fair apple, red as evening sky,
Doth bend the tree unto the fruitful ground;
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Dance in the air, and all is glad around;
Then be the evening foul, or evening fair,
Methinks my heart's delight is mingled with some care.

SECOND MINSTREL.

Angels are painted as of neither kind,
And angels only from desire have rest:
There is a somewhat in the human mind,
That without woman never can be blest.
There is no sainted hermit but the sight
Of lovely woman fires, and "cheers his dulled sprite."

Woman for man, not for herself, was made,
Bone of his bone, and child of his desire;
To him from whom she sprang she flies for aid,
Her gentle frame less mix'd with native fire;
Therefore the fire of love is given to heat
Her milkiness of kind, and make herself complete.

So without woman, man yet kindred were
To savage beasts, and war his sole employ;
But woman bade the spirit Peace appear,
And win the brutal mind to love and joy.

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